

PUBLIC SERVICES OVER BACON'S BODY

President, Cabinet, Ambassadors and Others to Attend.

Washington, Feb. 16.—Plans for the public funeral in the United States senate chamber tomorrow of Senator Augustus O. Bacon of Georgia, who died here Saturday, have been completed.

Cards of invitation for the state funeral were sent today to President Wilson, members of the cabinet, the diplomatic corps, justices of the supreme court, Admiral Dewey of the navy and Major General Wood, chief of staff of the army.

Tuesday at noon the body of Senator Bacon will be taken to the Capitol and placed in the senate chamber. An hour later the funeral service will begin.

Members of the senate and house will file in first. The front seats will be reserved for the president and cabinet, the supreme court, members of the army and navy.

Senator Bacon, who died of kidney trouble after a short illness, was born in Bryan county, Ga., in 1839, and served in the Confederate army during the civil war.

LEGISLATORS MEET TO FINISH BUSINESS

Appropriation and Mills Bills Before Conference.

Columbus, O., Feb. 16.—Both senate and house, which convened at 1 o'clock this afternoon, expect to hold a night session in the hope of finishing today.

Heading the clamor of members of the legislature that they had to vote for appropriations because the budget bill disclosed only lump amounts, the conference committee on the general appropriation bill, which met with Governor Cox and State Budget Commissioner Heffernan, arranged to have an itemized statement added to the bill as an appendix.

The conference sided with the senate in taking away from State Auditor Donahay his right to approve of vouchers, but provided he must have notice of the issuance of a voucher.

Estimate made by Representative Conover of Champlain the day the house passed the bill that its appropriation to departments of the department receipts swelled the bill by \$1,500,000, was largely increased by Republican members who examined the records in the auditor's office.

The bill does not forbid members holding jobs under county, municipal or township governments in school districts.

The Mills bill conference met at 8 a. m. today. Business men of Cincinnati and other cities were given a hearing.

RIOT FOLLOWS

Sheriff Tries to Install Father Gruza as Pastor of Polish Church. South Bend, Ind., Feb. 16.—As a result of rioting, provoked by the unsuccessful attempt of Sheriff Edward Swanson to carry out the order of Judge W. A. Funk of the circuit court to place Rev. Stanislaus Gruza in charge of St. Casimier's Polish church, three persons were seriously injured and nearly 100 hurt.

Ginger Pudding.

Chop one cupful of sweet very fine, add two cupfuls of breadcrumbs, two cupfuls of powdered ginger and warm molasses enough to make a moist dough.

SHORT LOCALS

Eggs 26 cents; butter 28 cents. FARMS FOR SALE—W.C. Rockwell. Mr. Ralph Ward visited with friends in Columbus Sunday. For talks use Hanford's Balsam.

Mrs. Thomas Kelley left today for Newark where she will visit relatives. \*\*\*The Bangs Literary society will meet Friday evening, February 20.

Mr. George M. Bell of Dresden, O., was a visitor in Mt. Vernon over Sunday.

Misses Mary and Ella McHale left this morning for Pittsburgh to attend millinery openings.

Hanford's Balsam heals when all else fails. Miss Mary Rogers of Columbus spent Sunday in this city the guest of relatives.

Messrs. Robert Dowds, Arthur Thompson, Ned Henderson and Alfred Shutt spent Sunday in Columbus.

The Home grocery pays one cent more for butter than any other grocery in Mt. Vernon.

Mr. Carl Sellers of Columbus spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sellers of East Gambler street.

Mr. S. J. Butt of Centerburg was a business visitor in the city Monday morning.

Miss Sarah Reynolds of Columbus visited with relatives in Mt. Vernon over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Coe of Lock spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cornell of North Clinton street.

Dr. Larimore's lecture on the Yosemite Valley will be at 8 o'clock this evening at the Parish House.

The second degree will be conferred at the regular meeting of Quindaro Lodge No. 316 I. O. O. F. Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Clem Berry of Howard spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. I. O. Earnest of North Gay street.

Mr. Robert G. Baldwin has gone to New York City where he will join Mr. John R. Reely in buying goods for the J. S. Ringwalt Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Davis returned to their home in Canton Monday morning after having spent a week with relatives in Mt. Vernon.

Ask your dealer for the free booklet, "Useful Hints for Orse Owners," issued by G. C. Hanford Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., manufacturers of Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh.

Mrs. Mary McManis and son, Russell, visited over Sunday with relatives in Columbus. Russel attended the O. S. U. Dennison basketball game Saturday evening.

The regular meeting of the Knox County Pomona Grange will be held in the Clinton Grange hall Saturday, February 21, at 10:30 a. m. Those attending will provide their own lunch.

The Waddell and Gaines livery stock including some big chunks mares with foal and two Shetland ponies will be sold at auction Saturday, Feb. 21st, at the above barn, 12 West Front st., Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Sale begins at 9 a. m. promptly.

Pompeii.

Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius on the night of Aug. 24, A. D. 79. The ashes buried the whole city and covered the surrounding country. After a lapse of 1,500 years a countryman as he was turning up the ground found a bronze figure, and this discovery led to further search, which brought various objects to light, and at length the city was uncovered.

George Ade on Matrimony.

George Ade, discussing matrimony in an after dinner speech at the Chicago Athletic club, said:

"Marriage has the effect of giving a man a swollen head. 'Many a time, looking at this husband of that, I say to myself: 'Ah, if that man were only as wise as he thinks his wife thinks he is!'"

Easy Way Out.

"My life is made a burden by bill collectors. 'I've discovered a way of getting rid of 'em that never fails.' 'For heaven's sake, put me wise.' 'I pay 'em, my boy.'—Boston Transcript.

UNCLE JOE CANNON JOINS THE Y. M. C. A.

Saginaw, Mich., Feb. 16.—Former Speaker Joseph Cannon has joined the ranks of the Y. M. C. A. The membership was obtained for Uncle Joe by Congressman Joseph W. Fordney, an old friend of the ex-speaker's, in connection with the campaign being made by the local organization for members.

The man who lingers at first base will never make a home run.

There is no very good way to utilize the lost motion in earthquakes.

Two on A Tour

In Which the Conventionalities Were Rudely Ignored.

By TROY ALLISON.

The elevator of the Washington monument reached the ground after its solemnly slow descent, and Rhoda Jamison, feeling somewhat overawed by the world as seen from the top of the monument, sat down on a bench near the elevator door.

Rhoda had saved every possible penny from her salary during the school term in order to take this Washington trip and had determined to crowd as much sightseeing into her ten days as any other Washington tourist had ever done.

She had spent hours with the visiting milliner in her town planning every detail of the time and had finally arrived in the city and taken a cab directly to the quiet lodgings she had recommended. The milliner had, however, forgotten to take into consideration the fact that the girl had never been accustomed to a city and to city ways and had therefore failed to prepare her for the feeling of desolation and loneliness that grew more and more oppressive every minute.

The Congressional library had satisfied her love of beauty, the capitol and the White House had seemed like old friends from the pictures in the geography and history from which she had taught for months, but in her classes she had been the personality. Here she seemed to dwindle into nothingness, and the things that had been mere ideas and pictures towered over her oppressively, and she was overcome by her littleness and her loneliness and longed for some one to speak to her with a hint of friendly interest.

The big, broad shouldered man sitting on the other end of the bench she had seen walking down the steps of the monument. He had evidently felt so secure in his superb physical strength that he walked down to examine more closely the inscriptions on the stones that cannot be studied so well from the elevator.

She saw him take a fountain pen from his pocket, adjust it and finally sort a package of souvenir post cards and begin writing industriously. She remembered the package she had bought to send her mother, so she took her own pen from her hand bag and commenced racking her brain for little things to write that would amuse them.

The postal she liked best of all, a daintily colored view of the monument itself, she addressed to her mother. Across it she wrote, "It's so very big, and I feel so little and so lonely."

She leaned forward to flit a bit of dust from the tip of her pen, and a whiff of air blew the postal from her lap and left it lying at the big man's feet.

He saw it there and, thinking he had dropped one of his own, stooped and picked it up, reading it leisurely. "I feel so little and so lonely," he read, and, surprised, turned to meet the flushed face of the girl.

"It's mine," she said, holding out her hand for it.

"Do you feel that way, too?" he asked eagerly. "That's me exactly." "I shouldn't have called you really 'little,'" she answered, with the frank friendliness of a girl who had never met with a circumstance that would cause her to be suspicious of humanity. "I reckon you are referring to the first part of the sentence. 'It is so big' would really seem more suitable."

"That's right," he laughed, looking at the postal, "but that just proves that I can hold more loneliness than you, for I am feeling lonely from the soles of my feet to the top of my new felt hat that I bought in Carson City to see the sights of Washington."

"At least you are farther from home than I. I'm from South Carolina," she chatted, three days' abstinence from conversation having left her with a surplus on hand.

"I was just sending some of these things to the boys," he said. "They are living in a shack near mine, and it will tickle 'em immensely to get these pictures of civilization. You see, we had been out there for two years digging a way for gold without any success, and just as we'd fallen into a fit of gloom and shortage of grub why, we struck it rich."

"How lovely! Did you find it in chunks?" Her eyes sparkled like a child's. "That's about the size of it," he laughed, with a whole souled heartiness he hadn't experienced for days. "We sure found it in large sized pieces, and I just thought I'd take a vacation to see the world. I've never been east before."

"Do you like it?" She failed to put as much doubt as to the charms of Washington in her tone as she might have put half an hour earlier.

"I've been about the loneliest person the dome ever shadowed. I could get on very well in the daytime, but I've wanted to sit around the fire at night and talk it over with the boys. How long are you going to stay?" he asked eagerly.

"Ten days, I've been here three." His face lengthened visibly. "I'll be here a whole month," he added dolefully. "Why don't you stay longer?" "You see, I haven't struck it rich—in

huge chunks. The trustees of my school are rather a parsimonious lot." "I don't know much about eastern etiquette, but I wonder if it wouldn't be tolerably proper for us to do some sightseeing together this afternoon?" he said, with a touch of boyish shyness.

"I wonder," she said slowly. The joy of companionship settled the question for them, and he called at her boarding house morning after morning, guidebook in hand, the plan for the day already laid out.

They had left the trip to Arlington for the last afternoon of her stay, and they wandered through the grounds, more beautiful than ever in their early summer foliage, until they reached the spot overlooking the Potomac where the tall shaft rises in honor of the heroes of the Spanish war.

"This is the loveliest spot of all," he said as they sat down on the grassy slope with their faces turned toward the river. "Washington will seem dead after I put you on the train this afternoon. Have you enjoyed this week, little woman?" a slight nervousness in his voice.

"It has been—perfect," she said softly. "After I had you to talk to the crowds didn't seem unfriendly at all. They changed into a set of good natured passersby."

"I—er—haven't seemed to miss the boys much lately, either," he said absently, watching her slender fingers arrange the largest daisies and clover leaves that she found near her, "but I'll go to missing them again the very minute your train pulls out this afternoon."

He sat up straight suddenly and looked at her almost sternly.

"Do you think a man ought to be forgiven for telling a lie?" he demanded abruptly.

Her face paled slightly, and her eyes were large with a fear that he might in some way confess himself unworthy of the friendly confidence she had placed in him. The unconventionality of their acquaintance stood out in her mind suddenly as viewed from the world's standpoint.

"You haven't—lied to me?" she asked faintly.

"Absolutely! No one ever told a bigger one," he said, with his eyes fixed on the clover leaves, failing to see her pallor, "for it will not be the boys I'll be missing; it will be—just you."

Her color came back with a rush, and she avoided his eyes as she rose hastily to her feet, the daisies and clover leaves falling to the ground.

"I'm sure I will be late for my train if we don't hurry back," she said abruptly.

"I almost wish you would miss it—it seems a shame that you cannot afford to stay longer when I have more money than I can possibly spend—unless the town will let me build 'em another library. You couldn't let me—er—be stammered, not knowing how to express himself.

"No, I couldn't," she blazed, catching his half formed idea.

"There—there—little woman—don't get huffy. I suppose I do bump up against conventionalities occasionally, but somehow I hate for you not to have everything you want," he blurted out.

Her eyes softened, and when they reached the station she watched his broad shoulders as he elbowed his way through the crowd at the ticket office and wondered why, now her face was turned homeward, she should feel more homesick than ever.

When he had put her on the train he leaned over and spoke determinedly. "I'm coming to South Carolina before I go back west."

She didn't answer, and he took from his coat pocket one of the clover leaves she had dropped on the ground at Arlington and held it up before her. She saw it had four leaves.

"Do you know what I am going to wish? That when I go back west—you'll go with me"—he waited, a big, awkward boy in his embarrassment, for her to look at him.

"I—I—the train is starting," she said, holding out her hand hastily, "but—if one finds a four leaf clover—he is supposed to get his wish."

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Baby's Outing. Frequently a baby is seen on the street in its coach out for "an airing," and the little face is all bundled up with the covers or a heavy veil bound around its face and head.

That child is getting little or no fresh air. It is breathing between its face and the covering and taking in and out of the lungs the same air. This air would be found just as stuffy as in a closed room.

The mother wrongly believes that she is keeping the child from catching cold by keeping the cold air away from the face. It is perfectly proper to keep the entire body in winter well covered to prevent chilling, but decidedly wrong to cover the face. If it is so cold and blustery out that one fears the child's face will be frostbitten, then it is better policy to keep the child in a well ventilated room.

The same thing applies to adults. What is the use of opening wide the windows if you bury your head in a lot of soft pillows and cover your face with the blankets? No one would consider sleeping out of doors with a sleeping bag on and a bag to cover the head and face.

"You see, I haven't struck it rich—in

After-Inventory Clean-Up Sale

Final Ridance of all Winter Coats, Suits, Blankets, Comforts, Underwear and Odd lots of Winter Merchandise of every description.

- Twenty-eight ladies' Coats that sold at \$15.00 and \$16.50; go at, each \$5.00
Fourteen ladies' and misses' Coats that formerly sold at \$20.00 and \$22.50 are offered for \$7.50
Twenty-two ladies' Coats that formerly sold at \$25.00; go at \$10
Up to \$42.00 Coats the season's best garments, ladies' and misses' sizes are offered for \$12.50
Ladies' silk and shadow lace waists that formerly sold at \$2.95 and \$3.50 are offered for \$1.95
Ladies' and misses' Sweater Coats that were \$3.00 and \$3.50 go at \$1.95
Ladies' and misses' Knit Hoods, new Dutch auto style with elastic bands, regular price 50c; for \$29c
25c Wool Hose for ladies in black or oxford gray for, pair \$17c
Children's 25c extra heavy stockings including Black Cat brand, go at, pair \$17c
Ladies' 50c Union Suits, fleece lined, for \$33c

- Boys' heavy plush lined Underwear, regular price 25c; for \$16c
Men's extra heavy plush lined Underwear, regular price 50c for \$35c
Men's Black Sox, fast color, the 10c kind; 4 pairs for \$25c Basement Department
Darning Cotton in black, white or tan at per spool \$10c Basement Department
Rope Shopping Bags, extra size, for \$10c Basement Department
30 Pape's Crimped Hair Pins, even sizes, 2 in., 2 1/2 in. or 3 in. for \$10c Basement Department
25c Sanitary Belts improved elastic; for \$10c
Up to 85c plain and fancy Silks; odd lots to close out at, yard \$25c
25c Crepe Ratine, all colors, at, yard \$15c
Men's 50c Knit Gloves, for, per pair \$29c
25c Curtain eNts and fancy bordered etamine, to close out at, per yard \$14c

Hundreds of Small lots insufficient to advertise are offered at a Small Fraction of their Cost. You will find them throughout the store marked 'Special Today'

The Store That Serves You Best Meyer-Lindorf Co. Mt. Vernon's Big Store. We Give S. & H. Green Trading Stamps

COSTLY Are Now Seen In Most Watches

Applique motifs in diamonds, emeralds, sapphires and rubies on enameled watches ornament the latest caprice in watches. Gems, gems and still more gems are added to the already handsome enameled cases, until the watch proper sinks to a mere trifle under the heavy load of jewels.

There are small square cases, and very narrow oblongs to be seen this season, slim watches and round ones that are thicker but extremely small, according to the New York Sun. The square watches are dainty little affairs, hidden, most of them, behind gorgeous gems. Diamonds and platinum wire, in a checkered pattern, decorate one of these square-inch watches— they measure an inch, no more— on each edge. Another is a solid square inch of brilliants with a pearl added here and there to top them off.

Two new features in pendant watch designs will appeal strongly to those whose quest is ever for the novel in jewels. One is the addition of an open-work frame to the watch edge, and the other is the hanging gemmed festoons which are attached to the most extravagantly trimmed type among all the latest watches.

The open frames are made up of pierced platinum studded with gems and platinum wirework on which the gems are threaded, like beads, in closely strung rows or scattered as dewdrops on a cobweb. The gemmed borders reach out beyond the watches, sometimes as much as an inch, a half inch frame being perhaps the favorite depth.

One watch measuring only an inch across has a frame half an inch in width. It is encrusted with diamonds of remarkable shapes, and in the frame are set seen large pearls that appear to be floating in space, so lightly and clearly are they mounted.

The designs of these frames show many dainty paterings in scallops and flutings, following the shape of the watch on the inside but trying to suit the designer's fancy on the outer edges. A thin model round watch is finished with a square-edged frame; one frame is fluted so that there is a fascinating undulation in the platinum wirework, while another has a border with concave lines terminating in four points formed of clusters of diamonds.

Two unusual bordered shapes are the triangle and the hexagon. The frame on each of these follows the symmetrical contour of the watch it encloses, and the faces of the watches being round, small corners are left which are filled in with gems. The festooned watch comes in an endless variety of designs. An especially handsome pendant watch has a silver gray enameled case with an applique motif in diamonds in the center. This motif is repeated three times in the festoon work, a border of small diamonds finishes the enamel, and diamonds and pearls drop in little prisms for three inches below the watch case.

These watches make beautiful necklace pendants. The effect is enhanced by the sautoir chains on which they are hung. A sautoir is one of those neck chains with an extra, straight piece between the circle of chain and the pendant; generally there are matching plaque pendants attached. The ornament on the sautoir which is placed at the junction of the straight strip and the neck circle matches the decoration on the watch case and the chain follows the color scheme of the watch. An example of such a jewel has an ornament of large diamonds on the sautoir copying the diamond motif on the watch. The sautoir chain is made up of three rows of gems, a row of emeralds between two rows of diamonds, carrying out the idea in the watch, for the case is completely encrusted with emeralds and trimmed by a fringe of flashing diamonds and emerald drops.

USE DOGS AS BLANKETS.

How French Knife Grinders Keep Warm While at Work. Every visitor to one of the great Paris stores will have noticed counters covered with table cutlery of the characteristic French pattern—broad, curved blades and horn or black bone handles, excellent steel and very cheap. Almost all this is made at Thiers and by hand. But there is no external sign of manufacture, and a traveler might pass through the town without suspecting a great industry. The swift flowing Duroille supplies power at the bottom of a deep and narrow gorge, on the steep side of which the apparently sleepy town is built. At one story below street level we came to the forges of the chief firm. Here, with extraordinary quickness and skill the knives are hand forged—blade, hilt and tang—from steel bar, then tempered one by one, and two stories lower down, at river level, in a long, dark, damp cellar, they are ground, and it is the method of this process, unique so far as I know, that makes the industry of Thiers worth a moment's description. The river turns a score of emery wheels about a yard in diameter, and above each of these is a narrow, sloping platform six feet long and two wide. Along each of these, flat and face downward, lay a grinder, man or woman, grasping a blade by the two ends and pressing it by the whole weight of the body against the revolving wheel just below. The long row of stretched out bodies gave a grim impression of something between a field hospital and a mortuary. The foreman assured us that it was much easier work thus to press against the wheel by one's weight than to sit and press by the force of one's arms. But to lie thus almost motionless all day long in a dank cellar, far below the ground level, is about as dreary and unhealthy a way for a human being to pass his life as can be imagined. The place itself cannot be warmed, but to keep at least a little heat in their bodies and stave off rheumatism as long as possible the grinders have adopted the extraordinary expedient of training dogs to lie all day upon them—dogs of all sorts and sizes. There they lay, curled up on the backs of their owners' thighs, living hot bottles.—Sir Henry Norman in Scribner's.

One Way to Pay. "Has Owen ever paid back that \$10 you loaned him a year ago?" "Oh, yes; he borrowed twenty-five more from me last week and only took fifteen."—Boston Transcript.